

Hayloft

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Hayloft

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

His brown and blue eyes trail downwards, leading your green ones to look at his slender pale fingers as they grip the condensation-covered glass of lemonade. His pink lips wrap around the blue paper straw and sip, slow and with purpose. He flutters his eyes back up to meet yours, then pulls away from the straw and licks his lips. He doesn't smile, he doesn't react. But he uses one finger to gather some of the sugar on the rim of his glass and put it on his tongue.

He knows what he's doing. You want to kill him for it.

(Songfic - Hayloft by Mother Mother)

Notes

A songfic. Enjoy. We love coping with our internalized homophobic through fiction.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

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fingers as they grip the condensation-covered glass of lemonade. His pink lips wrap around the blue paper straw and sip, slow and with purpose. He flutters his eyes back up to meet yours, then pulls away from the straw and licks his lips. He doesn't smile, he doesn't react. But he uses one finger to gather some of the sugar on the rim of his glass and put it on his tongue.

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You turn back to the wood you were chopping, hands clenching and unclenching on the handle of the axe. You can feel the sun burning on your shoulders, new freckles forming by the second. You wipe the sweat off your brow and try to ignore the feeling of his eyes, those giant stupid mismatched eyes, staring at your back muscles as you work.

He's standing on the porch of the landowner's house. It's a nice house, all white with carved wood. You try to focus on just the house. You don't want to focus on him. But his stupid chiffon shirt and tight pants keep drawing your attention.

George was only here during the summers. Once the leaves started to change, he would be gone and you could get back to doing your work. You could get back to feeling like nothing was wrong. You could get back to genuinely enjoying your job. You could stop taking those horrible, humiliating breaks halfway through the day where you have to go out to the back of the barn and stick your hand down your pants.

You could kill him. You really could.

"Excuse me." He calls out to you.

You hesitate. You don't turn around. "What?" You call over your shoulder.

"They need to be smaller to fit into the stove in here." His voice was too pointed. Too full of himself. He knows that you know what you're doing. He's just talking to you just to talk to you.

Gross.

"I know what size they need to be." You say back.

"You know what size fits?" George responds.

Your grip tightens on the axe right as you go to swing down on the wood. It spits perfectly down the middle, falling on either side of the stump you're using to chop it. You turn around and brush your shaggy blonde hair out of your eyes. "I know what size fits." You all stare at each other. You're staring longer than you should.

He's unfazed. You're livid.

You remember his first summer here, three years ago. It was your second year working here. He had come after graduating college in a state too far away for you to ever think you had a chance of seeing it. He had proudly talked of all his college exploits, like a degree in technology and all those things.

You had watched him. You couldn't help yourself. You memorized his schedule. You maneuvered your work around his time. You helped him with his car. You were put in charge of driving him to the pool when he wanted to join his old friends. You sat outside in the bed of the truck and cleaned the family's shoes with a brush and tar-like polish. He swam like a lost puppy, but the way the blue water caressed his stomach made you cross your legs.

It made you sick. Especially since he had mentioned a boyfriend a few times, when you overheard him with his friends.

That was the thing that made your blood boil. And that was the thing that made you want him off the damn farm. It was bad enough seeing him in those pastel clothes and tall shoes, but knowing that he did *things* in such a way made your skin crawl.

You kept close but hated every second of it. You toughened in front of him. You built walls in your mind, high as the trees that lined the property. You had to keep him out, and keep yourself inside.

Your daddy didn't raise you like that. You were raised right.

You look down at the axe in your hand and turn around. "Don't distract me from my work, please."

"If I was going to distract you, I wouldn't be asking you *about the work*." George emphasizes each word.

You ignore him. But he doesn't get bored and leave, because he never does, and you chop wood until your palms bleed. He's so beautiful when he offers to bandage your hands. You always say no. His hands are sinner's hands - you've avoided all touch for fear of infection.

And because, honestly, if he ever had his skin against yours? You wouldn't stop him once they were there. You wouldn't stop him from doing anything. You don't know if you could survive the aftermath.

That night you sleep with your hands twisted in your sheets. If you let yourself think too long, you can imagine his head on your chest. You've done the grocery shopping for the family before, and you know what his shampoo smells like because of it. Lavender and strawberries is the smell of your nightmares. You make sure all your pillows smell like it.

You're embarrassing. If your daddy could see you now, he would be ashamed. When you were nine and held hands with your friend, you didn't hear the end of it for ten years. Now this? You would never escape his belt in your head.

George isn't stupid. That's kind of the worst part about him. He's aware. He's met every one of your stares. He bathes with the outside faucet on days where you have to wake up early. It's like a game you two play in the summer - he tortures you and digs his nails into your heart, and you run as fast as you can.

You're walking to the largest barn when he finally catches you. He's standing in there, alone, in a pink shimmery top covered in strawberries with a deep plunging neck. His pants are white - which, in your opinion, is the stupidest color to make pants. But he looks like a fairytale prince nonetheless. His collarbones are on display and they look fucking edible. He's gotten sun this summer - you can see pink lines on his upper chest. The dip down the middle of his chest looks like the perfect place to lick. He had sweat glistening there. He walked down the middle of the barn until he reached the ladder leading to the hayloft, where he paused. He looked down at his nails and then at the ladder, frowning.

What a fucking fag.

"What are you doing in here?" You call out and dump your wheelbarrow in the corner.

He turns around and his eyes widen. One blue, one brown. One bright cornflower, the other endless chocolate dark. It looked almost unnatural. Just like him. "I'm here to get something for

my mama.” He says. “She left something up there.”

“Why didn’t they ask me?” You raise an eyebrow.

“She knew you would be busy.” He said. As you walked closer to him, your height difference was showing. You had to look down at him, dwarfing him. His shoulders were so much smaller than yours. You could snap him in half with one large hand. You could use his arms and legs for kindling.

He was *delicate*. It made you nauseous.

“What’d you need?” Your voice comes out strained.

“It’s a bag of feed. It’s special, though. It’s a red bag.” He sways as he speaks.

You wipe your sweat with a rag from your hip. “Why’d she put feed up there?”

“Something about it keeping it hidden. It’s fancy.” He shrugs. “But I need to get it.”

“I’ll get it. You can’t climb the ladder in...whatever those are.” You sneer and point at his shoes, white with a slight heel.

He scoffs. “Yes, I can! But if you want to carry it, that’s fine.”

“My arms are actually capable of something like that.” You say. You walk past George and aim to get up the ladder, but he stops you by clearing his throat. He walks ahead, shaking out his wrists and starting up. You’re eye-level with his ass in seconds. You look away. “I said I can get it!”

“I don’t want you to grab the wrong one!” He cried. “Just come on.” He keeps climbing and you look anywhere, everywhere but the ladder as you ascend with him to the dusty loft.

He’s whining about how his pants got dirty on the knees. You don’t hear his words, though. You’re focusing on how hot it is. Your shirt is kissing your skin, your crusted jeans are sticking to the back of your knees. You can only wonder how he must feel.

“That one. I think.” He points with his dainty hand at a giant red bag of feed, the only in the entire loft. There are about a dozen hay bales here, and probably endless spiders too. He looks so out of place and candy-coated.

“That’s it?” You ask as you walk over to pick it up. He blocks your way. You frown, you reach, he stays in your way. “I said, is that it?”

George cocks his head at you. “Why do you always look so angry?”

“Pardon me?” You frown.

“Like that!” He says. “Why do you always look so angry?”

You brush past him to grab the bag and you recoil at the feeling of his blouse against your cotton shirt. “I don’t look angry. Now let’s just get this over with.” You bend down to pick up the feed but freeze when you hear his voice again.

“You don’t look angry. Right.” It’s sarcastic. “You *never* look angry. Especially not while looking at me.”

You let out a huff. Silence permeates the barn. Seconds feel like hours and his *stare*, It *hurts*.

You're sure that your shirt is going to catch fire.

"Clay." He finally speaks and breaks the silence. "You know you don't have to be sneaky about it."

"About what?" You lift the feet onto your shoulders with ease.

"You know I won't tell my father."

"About *what*?"

"About how you feel about me."

The feed falls to your feet and busts.

"Hey!" George cries.

"What the *hell* did you just say to me?" You whip around and glare daggers into his face.

"You like me." He's so smug. You can practically feel the waves of self-satisfaction radiating off of him. It blinds you in a strawberry haze of rage. His arms cross over his chest. "And you aren't subtle at all, you know that?"

"Stop lying to me." You mutter. Your heart is skipping beats, running circles around your lungs, and your *lungs* are screaming for freedom.

"You know I'm not lying." He steps forward and you shift back. Your mouth tastes a bit like blood - you've been biting your tongue. "You know you can just talk to me about it."

"There ain't nothing to talk about." You kick your feed through all the seed. It starts to drain through the cracks in the wood flooring.

He's talking. He's talking and it's overwhelming and your brain is refusing to process them. None of this feels right. You get lost in your own head for a moment before you slam back into your body when George's voice starts to raise.

His eyes are daggers, stabbing right into your jugular. "Admit it! You want me!"

"I do *not*!"

"You want to fuck me so bad, it makes you look stupid!"

You capture his jaw in your hand and hold it tight. Your fingers dig into his cheeks and leave grease marks. "Shut up!" You practically growl.

His eyes are wide as he's forced to look up at you. You can't stand the way he looks so you kiss him. You don't remove your hand or give him a chance to kiss back. You just hold him there against you and wait to pull away until you can't breathe.

He yanks back, and you expect him to scream. But he just stares at you, and you stare back, and both pairs of cheeks are glowing a rosy pink in the dusty, hot barn.

"Clay?" He says. His stupid city accent makes your name sound like a song.

"Just don't talk about stuff you don't know, alright?" You turn away.

“Clay.” He says again. You hear footsteps. You feel a hand on your back. It makes you flinch. It feels like the sting of a switch. “Clay, you know you can have me.”

“I can’t.”

“I want you, too!”

“Stop!”

“Clay, I swear to god - “

You kiss him again.

You can’t help it. He’s angry at you. Finally, he’s mad at you. That’s something you’ve needed. No apathy. No staring. He’s mad. George is fucking mad. He’s furious and he tastes furious and he’s beautiful when he’s fucking furious.

George takes the lead once he knows you aren’t going to run away. Your free hands touch, fingers wrapping up and holding tight. It’s silk against leather, bubbles dissolving against concrete. You can’t even put into words how *different* it feels. You had held the girls from town’s hands before, but it felt stale. There was life in George’s hands.

You keep kissing, and kissing, and you’re becoming obsessed with the sound and the taste and the friction. Tongues touching each other felt different than you expected but you don’t mind because it’s *so good*. He moves harsher than you thought people would. Is your mouth too open? Are you moving your lips too fast?

He pulls away and tells you to close your mouth more. It *was* too open. But then you resume kissing and you both end up on the wooden floor of the hayloft. You’re looming over him. You feel like a bear over a bunny. He really is delicate, and lightweight, and fragile. You’re all calluses and dust.

His pants are less white now. They’re covered in dust now too. And there’s a brown handprint on one of the thighs. You leave more on the other thigh as you look on in shock. He doesn’t complain. George’s lip stays between his teeth as he looks up at you. He wants more and you can tell, and *you want more to*.

But you didn’t know how to give him more. You know what those scenes in movies looked like. You could fake your way through this. And you wanted to. You needed to. Your instinct was to run away, and you’re a little pissed about it. You were hoping that your natural whims would kick in and you would know exactly what to do and how to do it. But they aren’t kicking in. Instead, you want to run.

But you don’t really. So you don’t.

Removing his pants ends up being a challenge, though, and you certainly consider leaving because of it.

“Why the hell does it have three buttons?” You ask. You tug on them roughly but the buttons are pearl, they’re delicate, they’re too small for your fingers.

“It’s called ‘fashion’, asshole.” He grumbles.

You take your pocket knife out of your jeans and you grasp the hem of his pants with your hand. You cut, accurately but with speed, and spilt his pants down to reveal his underwear. He cries out

in rage but you don't care about what he says. You pull each white leg off of him, left and then right. "That's better." You mutter.

"You couldn't just ask me to help?!"

You shake your head. "More fun this way."

"I have to walk back home!"

"You've walked around in less on purpose."

Now that you can see his blue boxers, you pause to take it in. He's ranting but you can only focus on the wet stain at the front of the soft fabric. You grab either side of his hips and pin him down tight as you lean down to taste it. He's salty down here but his gasp of shock was sweeter than anything. You sit back up and he's now staring with half-lidded abandon.

"Was that okay?" You ask.

He nods. "Clay." He says. "Do you want me to suck you off?"

"Do I get to do everything else too?"

"I bet someone as big as you has the stamina." George scans you over, head to toe, and you feel a little shy. "Do you even know what you're doing?"

You shake your head. He says he finds it endearing but you feel like an inexperienced loser. All those feelings leave when he's bent over, knees on the wood, hands on your thighs, mouth on your cock.

Your head was spinning. He said it was one of the biggest he had ever seen but you're sure he was just saying that. That's what you're supposed to say, right? But he put in the work like he *needed* to compensate for an extra couple of inches. He used both hands and his mouth to stroke your length. His eyes were closed in concentration the whole time.

You hit the back of his throat more than once. It's so tight and wet, and it vibrates when he moans. Your head falls back when his lips hit your base. His tongue teases the head of your length and your eyes roll back in your head.

Then you feel it. It came out of nowhere. You grab the back of his head and pull him off of you with his hair. The force is so sudden he lets out a yelp of pain, but he's silenced by a moan as your cum paints his face. The image makes you started to get hard again instantly, like witchcraft.

He's gorgeous as he licks his lips and uses his thin fingers to clean his left cheek and lashes. Once his fingers are glazed in the viscous fluid, he sticks them in his mouth and cleans them with his flexible pink tongue. You're out of breath, you're out of your mind. He stands up and you see that he still has cum on his cheekbone. He kisses you like he doesn't care, and you feel your knees wobbling when you taste yourself in his mouth.

Your eyes glue shut. As he kisses you, he's guiding you forward, urging you to loom over him as he lay down onto a hay bale. It had to be itchy. Hay is gross. George doesn't act like it bothers him in the slightest, though. The rhythm of his kissing doesn't falter. Maybe he's used to this. Maybe he's used to getting tangled in the hay. You secretly hope he isn't, though. You want to be selfish for a moment and live in a world where this is just yours.

George takes his boxers off, because your hands are shaking too much to do it. He pulls away from

kissing eventually and your eyes meet. "Do you know what you're doing? Do you know how to stretch me?"

You shake your head. He looks shocked at first, but it goes away when you scowl. Instead, he laughs. He *laughs*. It's not mocking at all, it's not evil or mean or malicious or any other word you could imagine. It was gentle. It was kind. And he switched spots with you easily.

George climbs over you and sucks on his fingers as he straddles your body. His skin is radiating pure heat. You watch with wide green eyes, in awe as his fingers disappear inside of him. He's whining, crying out in a stifled way that sounds like tears in a pillowcase.

He's bouncing a little and the feeling of his thighs against your torso is intoxicating. There isn't any other feeling you could use to describe it. You also finally get a proper look at his member. With wide, nearly-terrified eyes, you watch his cock bob as his hips wiggle. Even his cock is pretty. The tip is slick - a good thing, so you can only assume you're doing well.

Good. You want to do well.

You keep thinking about how pretty George is. He moves like a ballet dancer. His body is like a story. His face twists and goes pink, his shoulders tense and lax, his eyes squeeze shut, and every movement sends cold air into your lungs.

Then he removes his fingers and uses them to grab your dick and stars cross over your eyes. Then you're deep inside of him, down to the hilt, and you nearly vomit from how hard you have to hold yourself back. You almost paint his insides with your cum before you can even fully feel the ecstasy of being inside of him.

"Jesus, Clay..." George speaks to you through gritting teeth, with a cherry-red face. "You're a lot to take."

You only manage to struggle out one small sentence. "You're very pretty."

Then he starts to ride you. That doesn't last long, though. You're impatient, much too impatient. And yes, he makes the prettiest faces and loveliest noises and you could look up at him every second until oxygen stopped entering your lungs. But you need something a bit more athletic.

So George ends up against a wall, lifted in your arms. He's weightless, he's tangled against you, and he's tight around you. His back pushes against the wood of the barn, again and again and again, moving with every single thrust and pushing the planks of the wall to bend. His head falls forward, balancing on your shoulder against your neck. His moans vibrate against your skin. You feel the hot wet drool fall from his lips onto the stretch of your muscle.

"George." You mutter out. "Fuck..."

"Keep going." He says. "Keep going. Don't stop. Don't you dare fucking stop, Clay!" His nails dig in deep, but where you know you should feel pain, you instead feel lightening. You go faster, and he claws harder. His mouth opens and the echoes of his screams leave teeth marks on your shoulder.

"I'm not stopping." The words squeeze out from between your clenched teeth. "I'm not stopping 'til I'm fucking dead!"

"You're so fucking good! Fuck!"

"George!"

"I can't fucking see straight!"

You pull away and press your forehead against his. Your hips stop their violent maneuvers for just a minute as your eyes fall into his. "Good. I don't want you looking at anything besides me anyways."

The movements start again and so does George's squeaks and squeals and mewls of utter desperation. They mix with your low growls, your gasps and grumbled curses. You sound amazing together - you mix perfectly, in pitch and tone and beat.

Then without any warning, you slam forward and your hips shake and you cum. You're as loud as ever, your voice intertwining with his as he trembles from the stretch and quickly follows your orgasm with his own explosion of pleasure. Your cheeks rub against each other, nuzzling unintentionally and carnally, raw emotion trailing behind on the coattails of their lust.

"Put me down gently." George manages to get out. He pulls back, eyelids drooped with some kind of exhaustion that you never could understand until this very moment. "I don't know if my legs are going to walk right."

You're gentle when you drop him, and you grip onto his waist in case he starts to buckle in and fall. He doesn't. He's strong. He does use you for support, though. And he feels so warm against those parts of you that rub against him.

"I'm sorry again about the pants." You say.

He shakes his head. "No. Don't apologize."

"But everyone will know. If they see you."

"Both of us are embarrassingly disgusting. I think there's no hiding it. We might as well bear our sins."

You shrug. "We ain't got no choice in that anymore."

George pauses for a moment before he looks up at you. Small strands on his hair stick to his forehead. You close your fist to prevent yourself from pushing them away. It still feels too intimate. "How do you feel, Clay?"

You don't know how to answer that as you tuck yourself away and zip up your pants. "I...feel. I feel a lot."

"Is it bad 'a lot' or good 'a lot'?"

You don't answer. You know the answer, and it would be easy to say. But the words never trickle down from your brain into your throat. Instead, you clean yourself off the best you can and help him down the ladder. His shirt hangs down to his thighs. You think about how it would feel to carry him. You have half-a-mind to go for it.

"If we leave at different times, they might not suspect it. Would that make you feel better?" He offers the idea to you, pretty words on a silver platter, solutions he wanted to deny but had to give.

You accept them. You leave first.

Not much changes between you two. More should have, most likely. But the only things you can really point to changing are the looks. The stares. They no longer hold a bitter weight. Now the

stares are warm. They're foam on coffee. They're flowers around a pond.

"Excuse me!" He calls from the porch one day. You look up from your wheelbarrow full of firewood and meet his gaze.

"Yes, sir?" You respond.

"Bring it around to the back door. And is it alright if you come in and set it up in the stove? Mama isn't home to set it up."

"Yes, sir."

You don't break his gaze for a good half-minute.

"And Clay?" He finally says. "I think there's a leak in my shower. I would love it if you came and took a look at it.."

"In your shower?" You raise an eyebrow. The sun glints against your eyes. "I usually don't do house repairs - "

"I don't want to destroy the wood floors." He says with too much gusto.

You shift the weight in your feet. "You're in a tizzy about the wood floors?"

He nods.

"Okay." You nod and look down at the shorts he's wearing. They're khaki, and they're tight. "I'll check out your shower next."

He knows what he's doing. You want to kill him for it. But you also feel the lightness in your feet as you head to the back door. You breathe easier, you stand taller. You're still angry. But you aren't enraged. And those millimeters of difference mean the world.

George was only here during the summers. Once the leaves started to change, he would be gone and you could get back to doing your work. You could get back to feeling like nothing was wrong. Maybe this time, you could admit to yourself that you miss him a bit. You could admit that the frigid air would feel a bit softer if you could still hear his voice.

You wipe dirt from your hands before you walk in the house. You hear the water running upstairs.

You smirk.

End Notes

This took forever to write but I'm glad I finally got it out there.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!